QUEER RIPLE TARGETS.

row of clay pipes. The owners of galleries

have been looking for something new, and

little by little they have progressed until now

there are a number of novelties in the way of

About two years ago the proprietors of

many of the city shooting-galleries placed in

their establishments what are known as

fully.

There was another figure that was quite

Delaware." The boat in which he and his party are shown bobs up and down over the waves in a very realistic way.

The other automaton is also in remembrance of Washington. The tomb at Mount Vernon is shown. Outside the gates two martial-looking guards are stationed. When the target is struck the bells ring and the drums beat, and the guards "right about face," Four soldiers in the rear of the coffin march forward and to can the climar Wash.

march forward, and to cap the climax, Wash-ington raises the lid of his casket and appears dressed in full Revolutionary uniform.

"KUTCHY COO" BAS CAUGHT ON.

It Appeals to the Merry Side of Human

Nature and Supplies a Long-Felt Want.

To the Editor of The Evening World;
Your selection of "Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo"

want. Every one has high praises for you.

It has Spread Over States Island.

Necessity compels me to send you this line

sking of you a remedy for "Kutchy,

Ever since your journal published the son

last week my guests here, old and young.

from children to grandad, have held all manner of Satanic revelry from morning till night, on the piano, banjo, washtub, doorstep, and piassa with your "Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo."

I hear it for breakfast, for lunch, and for dessert.

dessert.

Of course it was a great move on the part of your wide-awake paper; but what are we going to do if Staten Island becomes a bed-iam?

Yet, heoray for THE EVENING WORLD!

Proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, New Brighton, Staten Island

Deserves Enqualified Praise.

week was indeed a splendid effort.

Your publication of Lotta's new song last

Clean in appearance, well printed, and a

well-selected composition, as a result there

s a big demand for copies with us.
THE EVENING WORLD deserves unqualified

Touched a Popular Chord.

As a musician who appreciates that light

and brilliant class of music which the press

nowadays finds pleasure in reproducing, per

mit me to shake bands with THE EVENING

WORLD and say that "Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo, was a clever idea, and a fine stroke of jour-nalism in just exactly having touched a pop-ular chord. Respectfully, yours, BAMUEL BRINAED, 69 East Fourth street.

(From the Ctipper.)
Another evidence of the popularity of printing

new music as a feature in daily journalism was evinced on last Thursday by the publication

[From the Dramatic News.]

day was evidenced last week in the printing in Tux

EVENING WORLD of the words and music of a new

song written by M. H. Rosenfeld for the comedi

enne Letta, entitled "Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo!" In

the same paper an interesting account was given of the author's motive in writ-

To Fence for a Cup.

Ges. O'Beirne's Momerial Oration

ng the composition and the history

to the Editor of The Evening World:

Kutchy, Coo."

redut the Post-Office at New York as second-class

\*\*\*\*\*\* THE 1888 RECORD! \*\*\*\*\*\*

New York, April 80, 1888. We, the undersigned Advertising ? Agents, have examined the Circulation and Press Room Reports of THE WORLD, and also the amounts of White Paper furnished it by various paper manufacturers, and find that the Average No. of WORLDS Printed Dally from Jan. 1, 1888, to date is as stated. viz.:

# 288,970 COPIES.

GEO. P. BOWELL & Co., DAUCHY & Co., J. H. BATES, JNO. F. PRILLIPS & Co. H. N. ERICKSON A. A. ANDERSON. \*\*\*\*\*\*

Circulation Books Always Open.

OUR " PUDGIEY" MAYOR.

"I am not on a fishing excursion," was the snappish answer of Mayor Hewitt to Coroner Lavr yesterday when the latter sought to get some information from His Honor as to how human life can be protected in this city. Death is on a fishing excursion, if you are

not, Mr. Mayor. He sits astride the telegraph poles and uses electric wires for his fishlines. The grim angler lands a human victim nearly every week. And you "have nothing to say " about it. THE WORLD, too, is on "a fishing excur-

ion." It has fished for, found and pointed out hundreds of danger-spots in the deathdealing wires in this town. And yet the official head of the city will neither do anything nor suggest anything to protect human life. The people of New York would better go

on "a fishing excursion" for an official who will see that the laws are enforced.

· A JUSTIFIABLE STRIKE.

The strike of the Rochester street-car drivers ought to be made a success by the public sentiment of that city.

The companies require the men to work twelve hours a day, and frequently to wait two hours more, and do double duty as drivers and conductors, all for the munificent pay of \$2.

The men ask for ten hours' work, and to have conductors take the place of the "bobtall " system. This is surely not unreason. able. The patrons of the road ought to refuse to act as their own conductors, and to help the drivers get fair play.

### THE MOTORS WILL COME.

If electric motors can be depended on to run street cars economically and safely, as iments in Richmond and other cities indicate to be the case, their introduction can no more be prevented by a few Aldermen, whether on "a strike " or honestly ignorant, than Dame Partington could sweep back the tide with her broom.

Horse-cars are getting to be almost a primitive as the old stages as means of street transit. They are slow, expensive, hard on the poor horses and hard on the drivers.

The Fourth Avenue Company is to persist If it "goes," the rest will follow.

Coroner Levy is right, and Mayor HEWITT is wrong, as to the purpose and scope of the inquest into the cause of Lineman Murray's death. If the inquiry were limited simply to ascertaining the cause, one doctor's testimony would be enough. The responsibility for the casualty should be fixed. And some thing should be done to render other in quests from the same cause less frequent.

The "hand of flame, dropping blood-red color," that appeared in the Northern aky over Ohio last night, will receive many interpretations. Little Breeches FORAKER will probably accept it as a sign to him to keep up his waving of the bloody shirt.

Another indicted man gees scot free after an ineffectual prosecution by the District-Attorney's office, taking with him a significant admonition from Judge Cowing to " be more careful in future :" in other words, not to perjure himself again.

The District Messenger boys who raced around the Park probably didn't reflect on what a "give away" the affair was. Boys who can run but don't run (officially) are in danger of being made to run.

Roscoz Conkling's county of Oneida has elected "pronounced BLAINE delegates" to Chicago. In politics, even more than in other walks, men are "soon forgot when they are dead."

It isn't strange that the little St. Joseph girl who was ' completely disrobed " by a stroke of lightning while at play on the common, was " badly shocked " by the occurrence.

Poor Dom PEDRO, like FREDERICK, is being kept alive to suffer. This is one penalty of wealth and high station: the doctors keep you such a long time dying.

Bebt Paying Company-Limited.

She-But, Charles, dear. how do you intend to deal with those terrible

debts of yours? He\_Oh, they're all right. I've got a splendid idea. I'm getting up a limited company to pay TO GARNISH THE TABLE

Shad roe, 55 cents. Cneumbers, 5 cents. Shrimp, \$1.50 a callon. Cabbage, 5 to 19 cents. Radishes, 9 cents a bunch. White fish, 15 cents a pound. Applee, 30 to 50 cents a dozen. manish mackerel, 40 cents each. Bermuda onions, 10 cents a quart. Strawberries, 15 to 85 cents a quart. California cherries, 50 cents a pound. outh Carolina peaches, 80 cents a box.

TOLD AT HEADQUARTERS.

Inspector Williams sits a horse like a cavalryman. he will form a striking feature of the parade on May 81.

Commissioner French is a red-hot Depew man. He insists that the Republican National Convention will not force a nomination upon Blaine. Inspector Coulin is justly proud of the martial ppearance of his mounted men. He has drilled

he cavalry portion of the force to perfec Inspector Byrnes expresses a fear that there may be a dead Inspector on parade day if he is com-pelled to ride the big bay selected for his especial

Inspector Steers's new flat is said to be one of the bandsomest in the city, the decorations and orna-mentations showing excellent taste and rare origi-

Dr. Cyrus Edson has had his favorite yacht remodelled, having added several commodious staterooms. He proposes to take several pleasure jaunts during the summer.

Supt. Murray has been selected by the Commissioners to present the new Honorable Mention medals to the members of the force who are enitled to wear the decoration.

Postmaster Pearson has transferred the letterbox from a lamp-post to the hallway of Police Headquarters—a change that gives universal satis-Telephones have been placed in the rooms of the

Police Commissioners, Superintendent and Inspectors so that they can converse freely with each her or elsewhere, if they desire. Commissioner McClave will deliver the Memoria ddress before Rene Post at Newburg on Me-

morial Day. Roundsman Montgomery, who was murdered by Patrolman Rourke, was a member of Reno Post. He is buried at Newburg. Commissioner Voorhis is biding his time on the Hernog system of signalling. He smiles broadly and significantly as he remarks: "The work ha not been done yet." It is understood that Com-

#### WORLDLINGS.

missioner MacLean is not favorable to the Herneg

The Mormon hierarchy is said to pay Mr. A. M. Sibson a salary of \$10,000 a year to look after the interests of Zion at Washington. He is a square shouldered, serious-faced gentleman, dignified in manner and reticent in speech, and used to be newspaper man.

One of the largest plantations in the South is that of Major B. W. Bellamy, in Jefferson County, | Fia. It comprises 8,000 acres and nearly all of it is in cultivation. More than 1,500 negroes are employed on the plantation and the Major know them all by name. Mr. John Jones, of Fairburn, Ga., has a very won

derful house cat, if a tale that is told of it is to be lieved. Several weeks ago this cat caught a rat, but, instead of killing it, began to nurse and care for it, and now gives it as much careful attention as any of her kittens receives. A St. Louis minister says that the greatest feat of

baptism in the history of the Baptist Church in J. C. Clough, a missionary, who, with the assist ance of five native preachers, immersed 9, 222 con verted brethren within six hours. The skeleton of an Indian who was killed in wha

is known as the " Kilburn fight " of 1755 was recently ploughed up in a field near Walpole, N. H., where the fight took place. It was in this famous encounter that two men, two women and two boys efended themselves for six hours against 400 loodthirsty savages. Michael P. Barr was at newsboy to Washington

ot long ago and three years ago he enlisted in the naval service of the United States at seaman's wages-50 cents a day. Last week he was apinted a master salimaker at \$150 a month, and his first act was to make over to his mother one-

A remarkable freak of nature, a mare known as the "'Oregon Beauty," was recently on exhibition mane, tall and forelock a creamy tint. The mane is ten feet in length, the forelock four feet, while the tall sweeps the ground. Although the mare is eight years of age, the mane and tall are of only four years' growth, having grown an average of wo feet a year during that time.

One of the most popular ladies in the official society of Washington is Mrs. Anna Ewing Cookreis the wife of the Senator from Missouri. She come of distinguished ancestry, and her father was Judge Ephraim Ewing, a Kentuckian who was nent in the early history of Missouri. Mrs. Cockrell is a lady of tall and graceful figure, with a parriage described as queenly, and is noted for her affable manners and many social gifts.

## SEEN IN THE POLITICAL MIRROR.

"Mugwumps," exclaimed a City Hall states man, " are free-traders in politics."

The Republican "boys" want to know who will put up a boodle if Greaham is nominated for Presi-

. . . Many of Blaine's friends are of opinion that he cannot now be nominated. His only hope, they say, is a nomination by accismation or by a stampede. Neither can be secured with John Sherman, Chauncey M. Depew, Gov. Alger, Schator oc, Senator Harrison, Judge Gresham, Gov. Foraker, Gen. Hawley, William Walter Phelm and other Republican statesmen in control of dele rations and friends who are using Biaine's name as decoy and who either believe that he is not a caniidate or that if he should be nominated he would

be defeated. "If," said a Republican Mogul at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, " you scratch a Blaine shouter in this State you will find alDepew man. If you scratch a Blaineite in Iowa you find a friend of Allison. And so on in every State that has a favorite son. There are too many favorite sons in the race to make Blaine's nomination a certainty, and his leters and interviews have helped the other candidates. The West is weakening on Blaine, and I believe hells losing strength in New York. The boom for Gresham is worrying the Blaine and Depew propie. It may yet be anything to beat

. . . Mayor Hewitt owns a 'remarkable umbrella. It looks as if it had once been used as a tent for a Lilliputian side show. His Honor thinks more of that abcient umbrella than he does of the vote Cleveland will get south of Fourteenth street.

"" Where are you going ?"

" To the Answarda Club, "

"To play on the piano?" "No; but to hear the latest rumors about the Suburban race, the condition of Gen. Spinola, the abilities of M. J. Power as a politician, the tariff

" And what?" "To see young fellows who are members of all political parties and factions joined together; in social fraternity, and who do not allow their political preferences to interfere with their personal friendships." THIRD HOUSE.

# UNDER FIRE AND WATER. Prime Automatene that Start Into Life a

FRANCIS J. REILLY.

Chief of Eleventh Battalion, F. D. N. Y.



O one who did not reflect, and who had never been to a fire, it would probably seem odd to me a fireman put on a rubber coat and rubber breeches. To prepare oneself against an attack from water when going to battle with fire may

look like the wrong sort of caution. This would only seem so to one who knew nothing about fires. Any one who has witnessed one knows that a fireman would be drenched if he were not protected by something of this kind. The water splanhing down the front of a building like a cascade, and the stream thrown up, scattering as it strikes the edge of a window, or when a pipe breaks and a big stream goes driving against you, show the need of rubber apparel.

Sometimes, too the fireman profits by a douche of water when he has to expose him self to an intense heat inside a burning building. The recollection of an occasion like this has suggested the above reflections. A fire had broken out in a large double flat on One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, near Sixth avenue,

When we got to the scene of the fire, Engine Company 37 had a line up the stairway, so we could not get up. Shortly after arriving some one told me there was a young boy on the upper floor of the house. The fire had broken out in the rear on the fourth floor and had cut off the escape of those above.



HEY PULLED WILLINGAMP OUT BY THE BODE. This was not the worst either. The flames were pouring out at the fire-escapes so that was in the nick of time to supply a long-felt they were perfectly useless. There was a family on the top floor named Willineamp. The song will become a regular craze and With the assistance of her husband, Mrs. Willineamp got out through the scuttle onto the roof. Mr. Willineamp then went back nto another room to get their son, a boy of nine years of age. Your move was something different from the old oustom of printing ancient and worn-out songs, and speaks a "world" of comment in itself. A READER AND ADVOCATE.

The smoke was very thick and the heat was terrible. He got the boy and groped his way back, but before he could get to the scuttle he was overcome and fell to the floor. Assistant Foreman of Engine 37 Murphy went down the scuttle, taking a rope with him. He found Willincamp near the foot of the ladder, fortunately, and tied the rope about him. He had to get out at soon as he could after this, as the beat was unbearable They pulled Willincamp out by the rope. But the young boy was still inside.

It was impossible to go through the scuttle to rescue him or to attempt it. Beside the unbearable heat the flames, were now coming out there. The father said he had lost hold of the boy at some distance from the scuttle ladder, perhaps twenty feet to the right of it.

There was no way of getting him out except by going in for him, and in the smoke and heat that seemed a desperate measure Assistant Foreman Leonard, however, resolved to go, and I accompanied him.



HE WAS FOUND LYING PACE DOWNWARD. The stream from the line was thrown a that the water might strike the ceiling and be dashed off, so that it could keep us in a sort of shower-bath. This was the only thing that could be done to stay the heat at all.

Luckily, we found the little chap in the place his father had indicated without having to spend very much time in groping around for him. He was lying face downward on the floor. It was this that saved his life. Close to the floor there is always more breathing space than anywhere.

The boy was quite unconscious when we picked him up and hurried out on to the roof with him. The family was now rescued, but what injury had been done to the boy was not yet known. He was carried down and taken to a neighboring drug store. There we saw that he was badly burned, though not fatally. It was not from the flames, but from the intense heat that he had suffered. The scuttle had acted as a fine to draw the

lames up that way. After a while he came to consciousness, and began to scream with pain of his burns. He also called loudly for his mother. She was at hand, and as soon as an ambulance could be summoned he was taken to the hos pital, where he could be properly treated. He recovered, although he suffered a good

It was a good rescue on account of the intense heat. Without the water splashing on us and keeping us cool and mitigating the intensity of the heat, it would have been impossible to have stood it even for the short time that it was absolutely necessary to be exposed to it.

Concluded To-morrow. Not Quite So Jolly Either.

[From Judge.] First Party (reflectively)



Gen. James R. O'Beirne will deliver an oration on Sunday evening next, before Dahigrens, Adat

WOBBLES GAVE THE WORD.

AND FIFTEEN DISTRICT MESSENGERS Years ago when a marksman wished to practise shooting at a target he had to satisfy himself with firing at a figure or a RACED AROUND THE PARK.

The Prize Was a Hilver Cup Offered by Mee senger 1,578, Allas The Count-Frank Farrell Won in Time Which Will Surprise People Who Have Sent Messengers

Ever since the match at the Madison Square Garden, when Albert broke the world's record, a spirit of rivalry has existed between the American District Telegraph boys stationed at 8 West Twenty-third street, known as District 31. This spirit grew to fever heat. Bursts of speed between the boys when answering calls caused people on the streets to pause and stare with amazement to see messenger boys not only hurrying along, but actually running.

their establishments what are known as "dancing balls." A small glass ball is made to dance by a tiny stream of water thrown up with such force as to keep it in the air.

Then a man started a gallery on the lower Bowery, in which he put up a inumber of iron figures which, when the target was struck, would perform all sorts of acts. One of the figures showed a terrified hunter with uplifted knife standing in front of a big black bear. When the "bull's-eye" was hit, the hunter would immediately plunge his knife into bruin's breast.

Another figure showed "one of the finest" with a small boy in his clutches. When a piece of lead hit the target attached to him he would club the small boy most unmercifully. In such contests, the district being limited. the sprinters of the office always won. This led to dissatisfaction among the lesser lights, who claimed that the sprinters would stand no chance with them in a race of a mile or

There was another figure that was quite unique in its way, it consisted of a miniature engine with a number of cars attached. This train would run across the gallery in such short time as to make the superintendents of some country railroads blush. Then there was a small box labelled "Dynamite." When the explosion occurred the shaggy head of one of O'Donovan Rossa's disciples would appear. Such talk as this resulted in one of the more enterprising boys, named Moore, better known as Wobbles, arranging a match race

known as Wobbles, arranging a match race open to all the district boys in the city, the distance to be once around Central Park or about five and a half or sx miles, for a prize valued at \$1.50; the entrance fee to be 25 cents.

Such a scraping up of odd pennies never before was seen; it beat the old time hustling of the country boy to see his first circus. The match was run off last March, just before the blizzard, and resulted in a victory for Mcssenger O'Leary, No. 1.578, with Messenger Rennedy, alias "The Duke," No. 763, a good second, both of District 31. The time given was 46 minutes, but in the absence of stop watches, and, in fact, watches of any kind, this time could not be put down as a record for the distance. head of one of O'Donovan Rossa's disciples would appear.

During the past week an enterprising genius has opened a gallery in a prominent east side thoroughfare. He has outdone his neighbors by placing in his establishment what he advertises as "the only two five hundred dollar prize automatons."

The automatons stand in the rear of the store, about seven feet from the floor. One shows a small drop curtain on which is painted a picture of a flowing river. The target attached to this automaton stands about three feet from the floor. When it is struck by a pellet of lead, the curtain rolls up to the beating of drums and the ringing of bells, and there is presented to view the historic scene of "Washington Crossing the Delaware." The boat in which he and his party are shown bobs up and down over the

of any kind, this time could not be put down as a record for the distance.

The stragglers, who came in half an hour after the winners, a soused the latter of cross-the Park at Seventy-ninth street instead of going over the full course.

After the last race at the Garden, John Fenning, No. 72, one of the shining lights of District 31 and known to the boys as "Handsome," backed by the experience and help of Wobbles, arranged for a match under the same conditions as the first race. The prize this time was a silver cup or mug presented by Messenger No. 1,578, James Ryan, alias the Count, value "placed by him" at \$50.

This race was set down for Monday evening, and resulted in bringing to the meeting-point (no doubt attracted by the magnificent trophy offered by Mr. Ryan) twenty-five of the sturdlest and swiftest boys in the messenger service.

Messenger O'Neil No. 1557 alies "Oney"

ger service.
Messenger O'Neil, No. 1557, alias "Oney,

was appointed referee, and to make sure the boys went over the entire course he stationed himself at One Hundred and Tenth street and Fifth avenue, Wobbles remaining behind to give the word "Go" to the starters. Whether it was the lateness of the hour or the prospect of a long run, only fifteen boy out of the twenty-five enthusiasts started namely:

very popular.

Your tact in having selected just such a composition as appeals to the merry side of human nature, and a fresh, new song at that, which as yet has not been sung, shows your journal to be awake and on its feet. namely:
G. Kirk, No. 458, District 31.
J. Fenning, No. 79, District 31.
C. Austin, No. 10, District 31.
J. Shortel, No. 1, 552, District 31.
J. Shortel, No. 14, District 31.
G. Biokerton, No. 1, 444, District 31.
W. Kilta, No. 88, District 12.
J. Sheridan, No. 78, District 31.
F. Hayhow, No. 1, 498, District 31.
F. Hayhow, No. 1, 498, District 31.
J. Mann, No. 108, District 35.
M. Condon, No. 1, 130, District 31.
G. Murphy, No. 562, District 31.
W. Steele, No. 837, District 38.
W. Keele, No. 837, District 38.
Frank Farrell, District 31.
Mutual District Telegraph Company.

The word "Go" was given exactly at 10. 05 M. Shortel No. 1,592, alias Farmer, one of the smallest boys in the service, was given five minutes start.

five minutes start.

At the word they all started off in a bunch, but soon straightened out, Farrell leading, with Fenning and Condon close up, Klitz, from District 19, bringing up the rear.

The start was made from Sixty-second street and Fifth avenue.

They continued in this order until near Seventy-fifth street, when Fenning attempted to make the pace, but he was so closely pressed by Farrell and Condon that at Eighty-fifth street he gave up. It is reported he fell fainting in the road and had to be assisted home by a messenger.

sisted home by a messenger.

At One Hundred and Tenth street Shortel
was first, Farrell second and Austin third,
with Steele a good fourth, the rest strung out a mile or more behind At the turn at Fifty-ninth street and Eighth avenue Farrell and Austin were lead-ing neck and neck, little Shortel puffing about two blocks behind, closely followed

about two blocks behind, closely followed by Kirk.

Nearing the finish Farrell made a brilliant spurt, leaving Austin far behind and finish-ing at 10.47, exactly 42 minutes from the start. At least this was given as the official time. Austin was second at 10.48, Shortel third at 10.49 and Kirk fourth at 10.51. The rest were distanced.

THE EVENING WORLD deserves unqualified praise for having struck a popular chord with the people, and I herewith send you this personal line in evidence of my admiration for your push and pluck.

Frank H. Gould,

Manager wholesale department of C. H. Ditson & Co. rest were distanced.

After the race the usual accusations of cutting across the Park were made. More matches are talked of.



evinced on last Thursday by the publication in The Evening World of M. H. Rosenfeld's song, "Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo!" a composition written originally for a souncite and transferred to that newspaper. The music was reproduced from the original plate by the electro process, and presented a clean and admirable appearance, typograpically. The Boston Globe also reprinted the composition on the following Sunday, issuing a large number of copies in excess of its regular edition. Miss Parry (taking her first lesson)-I think you are just as mean as you can be! Le Capitaine (apologetically)-Par-r-don M'mselle: cef I have cause you pain, cet were par accidong. Mais se protection ces parfaite, one can acciding. Mais se protection ces par:asse, o not draw se blood! Miss Parry—Blood! Just look at my hair. The mania for reproducing popular music of the

CONFLICTING ACCOUNTS.

190 Days Out and No News.

[From To-Day's Sun.]
The ship Snow & Burgess, which sailed from this port on Nov. 16 for San Francisco with 2,000 tons of general cargo, is 190 days out now without any tidings. She should have made the voyage in 110 or 120 days. She is 1,635 tons register and was commanded by Capt. Brown, with a crew list of twenty-six men.

He Should Read Sunday Papera. [from To-Duy's Times.]
There was a dearth of religious news yesterday,

its advent into popularity. A large number of pa-pers in excess of THE EVENING WORLD's regular circulation was the result. The song was a well cnosen one, and a contract was made with the author for the exclusive use of future works of this kind from his pen. The Boston Globe likewise shrewdly reproduced the composition in its Sunday lesse, thereby adding materially to its circulation. and the editor of the Matt and Express was obliged, in order to fill his paper without printing any interesting news, to insert a nine-line srticle under a startling head announcing that the ship snow & Burgess was missing. The random this port Nev. 16 for San Francisco coveral days. The ship reached San Francisco several days ago, after being spoken at sea May 14. As her arrival was announced in the Sunday papers, no one connected with the Matt and Express saw it. and the editor of the Mail and Express was Public appreciation of the skilful work of the Vienness lady fencers continues to increase, and the fair awordswomen are the most popular attrac-tion yet seen at the Eden Musec. On Thursday evening there will be an existing contest between evening there will be an existing contest between the nine pretty fencers for a valuable silver cup offered by the British-American newspaper. The Hungarian drohestra under the lead of Erdelyi Nacsi will play at each performance.

An Old Fashion.

[From the Chicago Journal.]
It is said that the Princess of Wales is setting the fashion of wearing as much jewelry as possible. But that's not correct, as the hotel clorks of the United States set that fashion a long while ago, hence she is only alevishly following it. Goss and Peter Cooper posts of the ts. A. R., in the Emmanuel Baptist Church, Suffelk street, near Grand. The church will be suitably decorated.

THE HORSES WOULD NOT WORK.

Farmer Larkin's, Sad Experience with New York Herse-Dealer.

John Larkin, a farmer, of Brewsters Sta tion, N. Y., sued Edward McCabe, a horse dealer, of East Twenty-fourth street, in Judge Jerolemon's Court to recover \$200. Larkin testified that he went to McCabe's stable and purchased a team of horses for \$200: that McCabe guaranteed the horses to be sound in every respect and good workers; that if they did not turn out as recommended he would refund the money on return of the

team.

Larkin further said that when he brought the horses home and hitched them to a wagon they would not draw nor work. They were very balky. They broke his wagon and harness. When he brought the team to McCahe and

when he brought the team to blockabe and demanded the return of his money, McCabe refused to pay him, notwithstanding the fact that Larkin held a written agreement signed

that Larkin held a written agreement signed by McCabe.

McCabe, in his own behalf, swore that he did not warrant the horses to be sound nor promise Larkin to take them back and refund the money if they were not satisfactory. He claimed that the agreement held by Larkin was not signed by him. He said that the horses could not be expected to be sound and sell for \$200.

Witnesses for the defense swore that the team was a good working one and cheap for the money.

When Larkin returned McCabe the horses and McCabe refused to refund the purchase money, he left the horses with McCabe and proceeded to bring suit. That was a month ago. McCabe put in a counter claim to re-

ago. McCabe put in a counter claim to re-cover \$50 for the horses board. Decision

#### THAT BLAINE INTERVIEW.

What the Press Thinks of the Maine State man's Attitude. (From the Elmira Press, 1

r. C. Crawford, the London correspondent of THE VORLD, who spent an hour and a half with the Maine man and his family. Mr. Crawford told Mr. Blaine that he would be nominated if assurance were given that he would accept, but Mr. Hlaine declined to say anything further than reaffrm the would not be presented to the Convention. THE VORLD believes that this "silence gives consent.

[From the Boston Herald.] We are again indebted to the New York Work for a declaration from Mr. Blaine. It is not a frank declaration from Mr. Blaine, as was the second: It is not even ostensibly a withdrawal from the contest, as was the first. It is solely evasive, but it is none the less significantly so. The reporter of THE WORLD said to Mr. Blaine in Paris last week: "Your nomination is certain if you will accept. Will you accept?" He entirely failed to meet directly the inquiry. Whether Mr. Bisine intended it or not, this does mark a stage in his first that he would not ask for it, and second that he would not receive it, he now is dumb on the latter point, leaving by his silence no doubt whatever that he will take it if it can come to him under [From the New Haven Palladiu

The New York WORLD says it instructed a re porter to call on Mr. Blaine in Paris and say to him: "Your nomination is certain if you will ac cept. Will you accept?"

THE WORLD seems to take it unkindly that Mr. Biaine didn't then and there unbosom himself to its reporter and tell him that he wouldn't take the nomination even if the entire Republican party should journey to Europe for the purpose of offer ing it to him on bended knees. THE WORLD apparently feels hurt because Mr. Blaine simple referred the reporter to a letter written some weeks since from Florence as expressing in his own words his ideas and purposes. [From the New Haven Register.]

It has seemed necessary to get from Mr. Blaina statement of his position in regard to the Re-publican Presidential nomination. For that purose the correspondent of THE WORLD WAS ena to call upon that distinguished gentleman. He did so, but found him unwilling to say more than that he stands just where he did when he wrote the now famous Florence letter. [From the Washington Oritic,]

An interview was held with Mr. Blaine in Paris on Tuesday evening last by THE WORLD'S cor espondent, the point upon which explicit infor mation was desired being this: "Blaine's nomination certain if he will accept. Will he accept? The result amounts to the apparently small bu under the circumstances significant point that he "refuses to refuse the nomination." " " From present appearances the only inference to be drawn from his reticence is that he will accept and

I From the Buffalo Courier. According to Mr. Crawford, who saw much of Mr. Blaine last week in Paris, the Maine statesman will be far away in the Highlands of Scotland, pracically out of reach of the telegraph, at the time of he Chicago Convention. The plot thibkens-if there be a plot.
[From the Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Now once again THE WORLD has sent a mes-senger, a very respectable, trustworthy gentleman, Mr. T. C. Crawford, to Mr. Blaine at instructing him to say to the Magnetic Man of Mystery; "Will you accept the nomination if offered you?" Listen now to the answer of the letter and does not withdraw one word of his in terview in Florence." That is all; not one word more would the Oracie utter. Mr. Blaine, as well as any man in the world, knows the exact meaning of words-knows as well as any man how to use them: how to say "Yes," how to say "No." But he does not care to use his knowledge. He peaks as the Oracles of old did, with a double ongue. [From the Paterson Guardian.]

Mr. Crawford says that Mr. Blaine is in perfect health and at the time of the Chicago Convention will be on Mr. Carnegie's coach approaching the extreme North of Scotland, beyond the range of ordinary telegraphic communication. All these facts, taken in connection with the open and energetic efforts of Mr. Blaine's friends to secure dele gates for him, show that there is a perfect under standing on the subject and that he wants the nomination unless the circumstances shall be such as to make his candidacy absolutely hopeless, i which case an easy way of escape is open for him. Here for Business or Pleasure.

Albemarie: E. N. Gibbs, a banker, from Norwice, Conn., and Joshua Wilbour, of Providence. Fifth Avenue arrivals: Fremont Cole, Speake of the Assembly, and C. M. Cook, of Roanoke, Va. The Astor House is the headquarters of J. R. Macverdo, a railroad man, from Richmond, Vs. N. F. Shock, of Baltimore, and Capt. L. R. Locke, of Schroon Lake, were seen at the Sturte-

Hoffman House: Col. Frank A. Bus. of Philadelphia, and Thea D. Palmer, of Stonington, Conn. Lieut. W. W. Galbraith, military instructor at West Point, is among the new arrivals at the Grand A. H. Hinkle, of Cincinnati, on his way to Paris, and Matt O'Brien, of Georgia, are at the St.

Hegistered at the Morton House are H. W. Smith, of Hoston; E. B. Taylor, of Philadelphia, and Frederick H. Spark, of Chicago.

Gen. Geo. H. Sharpe, of Kingston, and Daniel Beach, whom every one knows in Watkins, N. Y., are at the Gilsey to-day.

Beneath the roof the Hotel Dam are H. R. Krober, of Somers, Conn.; John Johnston, of Lonsdale, O., and Silas Leeson, of Chicago.

Ex-Judge Geo. F. Comstock, of Syracuse, and James Tillinghust, of the Wagner Sleeping-Car Company, from Buffalo, are at the Windsor. Btopping at the Union Square Hotel to-day are E. W. Netralf, of Boston; id. Shipman, of Forthenry; N. Hearod, of Hartford, and J. B. Burton of Cieveland. A lest from the register at the Hotel Brunswick shows the presence in town of John Tod, the big railroad man of Cleveland, and Francis A. Wilson, one of the soliton of the Fouth's Companion.

COFFEE STILL ON THE RISK!

THE BRAZILIAN EMANCIPATION TENDS TO STRENGTHEN THE MARKET.

Dealers of the Opinion that Free Labor WIII Not Hart the Coffee Trade The Brasslian Crop a Very Large One This Year-The Visible Supply Smaller than at Any

The slaves in Brazil were set free a short time ago, and since then coffee has gone up 11/2 cents a pound.

This looks at first sight as though the praiseworthy action of the Brazilians, would cost people in the United States a good deal of money, and it has been so asserted, but such statements are denied by the prominent coffee dealers on Front street.

The fact is, there has been a steady rise in coffee since March 12, when, at 9.55 cents, coffee reached its lowest point this spring. It is now quoted at 14.50. This rise is attributed to the scarcity of the

This rise is attributed to the scarcity of the visible supply of coffee, which is smaller now than it has been for years. The bulk of the world's supply is in Europe. The visible supply in the United States is estimated at 242,000 bags, of which 104,000 bags are stored in this country and 139,000 bags are on the way here from South America principally. Last year at this time the visible supply in the United States was 523,000 bags.

Advices from Brazil say that the crop there gives every evidence of being an extremely large one, reaching as high as 7,500,000 bags. This will be here in August or September. If the crop results favorably the workingman will undoubtedly be able to procure his coffee at a low figure; but it is very difficult to predict its yield. There are many outside influences that could affect it materially. The coffee trade of Brazil is an enormous and important one, and the effect that free labor will have upon it will be watched with a great deal of interest.

A great many of the large coffee plantations of Brazil are located in secluded regions far from railroad facilities. On these especially are looked for good results from the freedom of the slaves, because it is thought that their work will increase, being prompted by a new interest.

Not withstanding the many statements of

work will increase, being prompted by a new interest.

Notwithstanding the many statements of Southerners to the effect that the freedom of the negroes has knocked the profit out of the cotton business, one prominent coffee importer said to an Evenane Wonth reporter:

"Free labor is always productive of good, and I look for a general reduction of coffee resulting from the liberating of the Brazilian slaves. I think that they will take hold of coffee raising with a renewed interest and

resulting from the liberating of the Brazilian slaves. I think that they will take hold of coffee raising with a renewed interest and help the business greatly."

Every rise in the price of coffee is followed, or more properly accompanied, by a liberal adulteration, particularly of those kinds which sell cheap.

When one drinks a cup of cheap coffee he usually imbibes a mixture of coffee, beams, peas, hardtack and old crackers and bisomits. All these things are used for adulteration. The beams, crackers, biscuits and other things are roasted and ground up separately and then mixed with the ground coffee. It is extremely difficult to distinguish good coffee from poor after it has been roasted.

Chiccory, an herb which grow a extensively in Germany, is used in nearly all coffee, for it is said to improve it, being very nourishishing and agreeable to the taste. It is used by itself as a beverage.

A story goes nimbly up and down Front street about a dealer in the city who put a quantity of adulterated Ric coffee into bins put various prices on it, and in this way sold it of, no one knowing that it was all one kind of coffee except himself and the men whom he let into the "joke."

DICK AND THE SWEAR WORDS.

He Sald He Had Been a Good Boy, but &

Little Bird Betrayed Rim. A little man of four years' experience in this naughty world has acquired a habit of profanity which his parents are striving to overcome. Dick's father is a navy officer, and before departing on his last cruise he promised to give his son a handsome present if on his return he found that the youngster had not used any "swear words" during his absence.

his absence.

The other day the father returned and the child immediately demanded his gift.

"And have you been a good i oy, Dick?" was the query, to which Master Dick gave an enthusiastic assent.

A warning glance from Dick's mamma, however, impelled the father to further incurries and he said.

however, impelled the father to further inquiries, and he said:
"Dick, I'm almost sure you've said some bad words; haven't you, my boy?"
"Papa, who tole you?"
"A certain little bird."
"Well dawn that little bird!" exclaimed

"A certain little bird."
"Well, damn that little bird!" exclaimed
Master Dick, indignantly, as he strode off
with as much dignity as his diminutive
stature and short legs would permit. FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.



Mr. Porcine (to Chicago art dealer)—I like the

He Was a Besten Boy. | From the Washington Oritic. | Stranger (to small boy)—Hello, sonny, are 704

fishing? Small Boy (who is from Boston-In the vernacelar, yes; but in more euphonic diction, I am grant-ing myself an indulgence in the pursuit of piscose-rial pleasures.



[From Life.] Boy-Want a boy, str & Hobson-What for? Boy-Why, ter pay \$8 & week to Saturday night. Hobson - For doing what? Boy-Why, fur waiting

An Offer.

all the week for it. No Hope for Him.

[From the Chicago Journal.] Enraged Husband-Maria, I can endure this existence no longer. I am going to blow my brains out!
Wife (calmiy)—Don's attempt it, John.
have never had any success in firing at at
targets.

Undress Rehearonis. "Is this an undress reheareal, Uncle Jack ?"

asked Minnie at the opers. "Land, no," replied Uncie Jack, gitting his face to the opera-glass. The undress rehearsal is when they have their

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